

RWBY: The Heiress and The Maid

by TheDarkenedRose

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Summary: [Many Thanks to dashingicecream for the art] Life for Weiss Schnee was forced. Her fate was sealed thanks to her father, but after an accident where one of the Schnee maids becomes fatally injured, he had no choice but to finally settle with hiring a faunus employee. Little did Weiss know that the faunus that her father hired would change her life... for better, AND for the worst.

RWBY: The Heiress and The Maid

****Hello you beautiful people of the RWBY fandom, this is TheDarkenedRose and I am FINALLY here to bring you another story. Yes, it's been over a year since I started Red Snowflakes and The Snowy Rose and I am just so glad to finally start another fic. This fanfic will be a hell of a lot more different and I will be going back to my dark roots of writing and further darkening my writing style. You'll know what I mean when the time comes. Anyways, I hope you enjoy The Heiress and The Maid. :) ****

**** If you have any questions about anything relating to this story or other stuff I've been up to, such as the collab story I'm working on with some great writers (It's known as Room 205), then PM me. I'll make sure to respond as soon as I can.****

**** Also many thanks to MartunaMajor for editing this chapter. You're a fucking editing wizard mate. :D****

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><p>The night was young, dark clouds moving through the sky as time dragged on ever so slowly. The only thing I could hear was the loud taps on my window as raindrops crashed into it, a loud bang of thunder sounding off in the distance outside as I watched. It felt peaceful but it also induced a sense of loneliness, just like those days when snow would fall. After a while, I grew a sense of frustration and got out of bed slowly, my feet softly making contact

with the cold, ebony wood flooring of my room. My long-white hair probably was a mess, something that would make anyone give me a look of disbelief. I could hear their words alreadyâ€| how that would be inappropriate of me since I'm a Schnee. I thought and sighed. My name is Weiss Schnee, the heiress to the Schnee Dust Companyâ€| a burden that I never wanted. A burden that I'm forced to carry, since it's inevitable that I will take over for my father one day.

I made my way to the white framed mirror at the right side of my room, my mirrored image getting larger as I got closer to it, until it was looking directly into my eyes. My reflection was my only friendâ€| well, except for my sister, but she had left a few years ago. I continued looking at my reflection with an emotionless expression. "You still look the same as ever." I said to her softly.

"Tired and Melancholic? Yesâ€| it would apparently be a trend to those that see meâ€| wellâ€| if they ever did see me." She replied, making me let out a sigh.

"I can see youâ€| only me. Everyone can see meâ€| but they can't see who I really am. I'm nothing more than some heiress, a girl that's part of a higher social class that takes everything for granted."

"_Don't say thatâ€| I know who you really are. And I can tell you that you're better than what they think." _

I gave a sad smile and picked up the hairbrush that sat on top of the dresser to the right of the mirror. I began to brush my hair in silence, ending my conversation with my reflective self. It may make me look insane if someone caught me talking to my reflection, but it helps calm me down; there's no one I can talk to here anymore. I sighed softly and put the hairbrush back on top of the dresser, taking a look at my hair again. There's no trace of bed hair, so I'm good to go. I went to the door and opened it slowly, noticing that the corridors were still lit with the lights on the ceiling.

"Father's still awake." I said softly and closed my bedroom door before heading for the staircase closeby. My home's interior consisted of different variations of stonework and wood; black and white variations of marble dominated the flooring on the first floor while in some areas of the manor, such as the corridors on the second and third floors, had ebony wood lining the hallways, some planks lighter than others to give a sort of variety on it than just a plain black look. The corridor itself was wide, allowing for different sorts of activities. The size would just seem unnecessary to most people, but when it came to large banquets or Atlas-wide celebrations, the corridors would end up almost completely crowded and inaccessible for people to walk through without having to put up a struggle.

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><p>The corridor opened up to the main room in the entirety of the manor; the lobby. It was an extravagant area where most of the celebrations are hosted at. The marble floor pattern consisted of a white and black color scheme while a gigantic logo of the Schnee Dust Company marked the flooring. I gave a sigh as I went down the

staircase, gazing at it as I got lower and lower. My mother loved the logo despite its looks; she was a lover of winter and snow itself. I was the same in that regard, but the company logo was an exception. How the snowflake lookedâ€¦ it was neither sweet nor peaceful, it just seemed authoritative to me.<p>

I lightly put a foot down on the marble flooring, shivering slightly at how cold it was. Atlas was known for many things, especially its winter seasons. It was the northernmost continent in Remnant, which must mean that everyone that lived here has built an immunity for the cold weather. But for me, I tended to shiver at times whenever I perceive an instant feeling of the freezing weather. I took a moment to get used to it before putting my other foot down, sighing softly in relief. _Alright, my father's probably expecting me already. _I thought and made my way through the large lobby towards my father's office.

The corridors downstairs were much more complicated to get through since there was so many paths to take, but after living here for my entire life, I've already mapped it out and took the shortest way to my father's, knocking lightly on the door when I arrived. "Father? May I come in?" I asked, waiting for a response afterwards. The door slowly opened a peek, telling me that I'm allowed to enter.

I opened the door fully and walked in, closing it behind me before stiffening when my father's voice was heard. "You're up late." He said, his voice gruff with a stressed tone. _Ugh, I hate how he wants me to sleep early. _In my father's words, as an heiress to the largest dust company in the world, I need to achieve the maximum amount of rest, but the time he wants me to go to bed was really absurd compared to most girls my age.

I turned to him and noticed he wasn't looking up at me. "But Father, it's only ten o'clock andâ€¦ well, I was beginning to get hungry." I replied softly, making sure my voice didn't come off as harsh or irritated.

He sighed. "I guess that can't be helped. I'll give some of the maids a call to cook you so-"

"N-no, no, I can cook something up myself. There's no need to call for them, I'd rather not wake them and-"

I stopped when I noticed his expression turned to one of frustration. "The last thing I need to hear is of your injury while trying to cook like an incompetent little brat." I felt hurt by his comment and took a step back. _T-that's not true. I-I'm not incompetent. _I thought. I wish I was able to argue, but his look tells me to not go that far. "I will call some of the maids like I said earlier, and they will create something for you to dine on." He said, already going over to a large scroll that was mounted beside him for work purposes.

I frowned and looked down. "Y-yes, Father."

He sighed and pressed a few buttons on a scroll before speaking. "May those that are awake tend to cooking dinner for my daughter?" My father asked softly. He moved away from the scroll and back to me, since the maids knew that he would not need a response. "Well, you should get going to the dining room. Don't want to keep them waiting." He looked back down at the paperwork on his desktop and

started to work on them.

I sighed and went towards the door that led out of the office, but before I turned the knob on it, I remembered to ask him something, and looked back at him. "Father? Have youâ€¦ heard anything from Winter?"

His looks darkened, and he peered up from his paperwork at me again. "What about her?"

"W-wellâ€¦ I was wondering if she said anything about coming back for the Winter Break." I replied, twiddling my fingers.

He huffed. "I hope she doesn't."

"H-huh?" I gave a shocked look at my father. "B-but she hasn't been here in years. D-don't you miss her?" I asked, my voice becoming harsh. Winter was the only person whom I can argue about with my father. My older sister had left for the Atlas Academy a year ago, wanting no part in the legacy of my father's business. She would come back to visit though, but our father would make her stay a living hell, due to his arguing with her when he even so as make eye contact with her. She's the only person I can have the courage to argue about. She's my sister for god's sake, and I can't have our own father dissing her behind her back!

"Missing someone only turns into a weakness. There's no point in missing the one that decided to defy me and leave for her own selfish ambitions-

"T-they weren't selfish!" I exclaimed, clenching my hands shakily in anger. "She wanted to do something meaningful, a-and-"

He spoke over me with a booming voice. "Then tell me why she left you!"

"Iâ€¦ sheâ€¦" I fell silent, issuing my defeat to him. He always brought up that retort when we argued about Winter; the man would go on about why she didn't take me, saying that I would only be a nuisance and useless to her. It always hurt for him to spout those accusations at me, because I know that my sister didn't think of me as incapable, nor a nuisance.

No. She thought the opposite of that. He leaned back on his chair and sighed. "If you have nothing to say, then leave. The maids are awaiting you, and I've already wasted enough time with you, anyways." I gave a slow nod and went to the door, opening it and walking out.

I tried not to think about what he said, for I knew they were to just make me angry. Winter was not a terrible sister like he made her out to be; no, I knew far better than that. As I walked, I reminisced about my times with my older sister. Story Time, playing in the snow, taking care of me when I got sick or injured, those were the times that made me look up to her. I want to be able to take care of those that need it. The only problem for me, was that I don't have the ability to fight. During my years of growing up, Father and Mother, or people that they hired, protected me whenever I was under attack. I never had to draw a weapon, nor had I ever needed to shed an ounce of blood from another person or faunus.

I just hope it stays that way.

* * *

><p>I made my way to the dining room, opening the gigantic double doors leading to it. It connected to the lobby, and it was just as extravagant as the lobby itself. Fancy chandeliers lined the ceiling from the large table in front of me, a couple of feet away, to the other end of the table, which in the eyes of those that come here, was a very long distance. The banquets my father hosts makes this place useful for the staggering amount of people that come here for them. The space around the table was vast, so there would be no problem with getting to a certain seat or side of the table itself.<p>

As of now, only two of the chandeliers were lit up, since I was the only one dining at the table for tonight. I took the nearest seat, sitting down and noticing a classy dinner plate, white cloth napkin, and engraved silverware in front of me. I let out a sigh, knowing full well of the ones that had done this. _They don't need to baby me like my father wants them to. _I thought and sighed again.

A moment later, I heard footsteps getting louder as the seconds go by before noticing a medium-sized black ceramic bowl land on top of the plate. A pair of hands pulled away from the bowl, and I turned to look behind me to see two maids. One of them looked as if they were in their mid-thirties, having long, black hair that seemed as if it was straightened. The other was slightly younger, late-twenties I believe, having short, red hair that barely touched her shoulders. I recognized them both immediately and gave a smile. "Good evening, Grace," I said to the red-haired woman before turning to the other, "and good evening to you, Amythyst." I finished.

They both smiled back and bowed slightly. "Good evening to you, Miss Schnee." They replied in unison.

I chuckled and shook my head. "There's no need to be formal when I'm the only one around.

"Our apologies, Weiss. We're just used to being so formal with your father that it carries over to you." Grace replied and giggled. After she and Amythyst straightened themselves, she gave me a curious expression. "So why are you awake at this time of night, Weiss?"

I let out a sigh. _Curious as usual, Grace. _I thought and looked up at the clock that was hanging on the wall to my right. "Wellâ€¦ in my opinion, the night's still young, and-" as if on cue, my stomach gurgled due to my hunger, "I don't want to sleep on an empty stomach."

Amythyst chuckled. "Well then, I'm glad Grace and I were awake then to serve you. What would you like?" She asked.

I thought for a moment and took a look at the large double doors, making sure of one thing. _I don't think he would come in; It's too late for him to even think about eating. _Looking back at Amythyst, I twiddled my fingers nervously. "W-wellâ€¦ I would like a steak with white rice, if you do not mind?" I answered, earning a sigh from her and Grace. One of the many things that my father doesn't want for me,

it was eating a large quantity of meat. A small amount was enough for me in his eyes, but on nights like these, I needed something that could fill me right up.

It did scare the maids though, since my father would snap at them should he see them do such a thing. "Give us a moment, it'll be out before you know it." Grace answered.

"It's a good thing that It's late for your father to even think about having a light snacking." Amythyst added, ending our talk as they turned and made their way to the kitchen. I let out a soft sigh before looking back at the dinnerware I was given. The small bowl they had put down earlier contained salad with pieces of chicken inside it. Despite my hunger wanting me to forget table manners and devour it, I kept my composure and took the napkin, putting it down on my lap before grabbing a fork and beginning to eat the salad.

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><p>A couple of minutes passed; an empty bowl sat in front of me. They're taking much longer than usual to prepare a steak for me. I thought and sighed with a hint of impatience. As if it were on cue, a plate longer than the one on the table rested on top of it, a well done steak with white rice underneath it steamed on the platter, and a godlike aroma emitted from it. I raised my fork and knife and started eating it as if an animal has taken over my body.

A voice spoke up as I maniacally ate. "Weiss Schnee, calm down before you choke on your food." I stopped and looked back, noticing an irritated Amythyst standing there. "Your hunger may have overtaken you, but that does not mean to forget your table manners and eat like a pig."

I sighed and regained my composure. "I apologize, Amythyst; you always were the one who sets me straight." I replied and chuckled before going back to eating the steak in a more formal manner.

I could hear more footsteps, noticing the two maids taking a seat. "So, did you two hear that they're hiring a new maid?" Grace said, curiosity present in her voice.

"Really? I didn't hear anything about that, and I get updates from Mr. Schnee almost every day. Do you know who the new person will be?" Amythyst asked, clearly interested in the manner.

"Wellâ€¦ I heard that it's a faunus." The red-haired woman answered. My eyes widened and she immediately noticed. "Pretty crazy, right? Don't you think that's risky? I mean, it's been a while since the White Fang attacked us, but what if this faunus is secretly affiliated with them, or-"

Amythyst raised her hand, signaling Grace to stop. "For one, we do not know this person yet. It's not a good idea to judge someone by past events."

"B-but-"

"Grace, what if I judged you by your age and claimed you to be unfit for this job?" Amythyst asked. This put Grace in a total silence, making the black-haired woman sigh. "Look, we won't know until we get

to know the faunus. Who knows, maybe she's a great person to be with." She said.

I finished the steak, putting down my silverware before picking the napkin up and cleaning my mouth with it. A moment later, I put it down and turned my head to Amythyst who was sitting beside me. "I don't know, Amythyst. Even though it's been a while since they had tried to attack my family, I just can't stop feeling this sort of uneasiness about the new maid." I said, making her turn to me with a frown.

"I seeâ€¦ well, I can understand your uneasiness, but let's not make this a way for us to stay away from the faunus. Like I said, there's no way of knowing until we meet her."

I sighed. "We'll seeâ€¦" I looked up at the clock and noticed the amount of time that had passed; I got up, "well, it's getting late, you two. I'll be heading back to my room, after I clean this plate and bowl." I said and proceeded to picking up the large platter and bowl, but was stopped by Amythyst.

"You don't need to worry about that, Weiss. Grace and I can clean them for you, and-"

I shook my head. "You've both been up longer than I have today, plus I can't just let you two and the rest of the maids baby me, despite what my father says." I noticed Grace was about to interject, but I smiled, stopping her. "You both earned a nice rest; please, I can take care of this. And I certainly don't want my two favorite maids to be falling asleep on the job tomorrow."

Amythyst let out a sigh, but I noticed her cracking a smile. "Well, when you put it that wayâ€¦ okay then. We won't try to intervene; we didn't want to make it seem as if we think you don't know what you're doing. We trust you enough to do whatever you please." she said and looked at Grace. "Well, let's go back to our rooms, Grace. We need our nights rest for the next day."

Grace nodded and followed her towards the exit. They both looked back at me, waving a hand to gesture their farewell for the night. "Sleep well, okay?" The red-haired woman said as they opened the door, and walked out.

"I'll try." I said and made my way to the kitchen to wash the platter and bowl. As I went there, I couldn't help but think about the new maid that Grace had mentioned previously. _Father may be doing this so the press can get off his back about his business practices with the faunus race. I just hope he's actually trying to improve the way he is. _I thought. _Then againâ€¦ I'm almost in the same boat as him. I don't hate faunus, but I feel as if I need to be cautious and wary of them. _

Let's just hope this maid isn't someone that's secretly from the White Fang, or else we're all going to be in danger.

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><p>Holy shit. I am super rusty at writing. This took me the entire time after that Extra for Red Snowflakes to write. I'm glad that I'm finished with it and it's ready to be posted to you guys. I

hope you guys enjoy this story as the chapters get posted; it's going to be one of those experimental phases again (just like The Blackening Rose) so I'll be doing some crazy dark shit that you guys might feel or hate me for. xD

** Anyways, another reason for my month's absence is the fact that I'm part of a collab group, involving NobleMETA, GhostPhoenix113, angelsixtwofive, BurningPeace, ShadowNightblade, Phoenix Commander, and many more. The fanfic we're writing is known as Room 205 and it's already a few chapters in, but it's not too late to pick up on it. You can find that on Noble's FF account. **

End
file.